

(Copyright, 1898, by Robert Chambers.) ASHES OF EMPIRE.

Behind black ramparts where an angry sun Buried in ashes, smoulders all the West, Against a sky of fire I see the crest Of battlements, deep-terraced, gun on gun.

A towered Cathedral burns athwart the rays. A maze of windows kindle in the blaze, Chimney and dome and belfry, one by one, kedden to cinders through the crimson

Gigantic shadows fall on roof and wall, Black shapes of shade, fantastic, wax and Graded in gray; the phantom day is laid, Where night's pale sister, twilight, smooths the pall.

The double-thundered din of shotted guns Rumbles, resounds, rolling from fort to fort; Fringing the cannon gloom, from port to port
The fretted lightning of the cannon runs.

Ashes of years of sin, the sacrifice, Ashes of oaths and vows and prayers and lies, Ashes of fool and knave and wordly wise,

CHAPTER 1.

THE FLIGHT OF THE EMPRESS.

The throng outside the palace had swelled to menacing proportions, the gay cocked hats of the police glittered above a sombre een of heads, threading the packed square with double strands of color. The throng was not yet a mob, there were no rusher, no sul-Ien retreats, no capricious stampedes, but it grew denser. Again and again the imperial police pushed into the square only to be crushed back against the park railings by the singing a deep swinging chorus through which the treble voices of the newsboys soured piercingly: "Extra! Extra! Frightful disaster in the north. Defeat of the French ermy at Sedan! Capture of the emperor Surrender of the army of Chalons! Terrible battle at Sedan! Extra! Extra!

Acres the bridge the people surged against the Pala's Bourbon, receding, advancing, retreating, only to dash back again on the steel-barbed grille, a deluge of eager human beings, a chaos of white, tense faces and outstretched hands. And now over all ewept a whirlwind of sound-of splendid conprous song-the "Marseillaise!" The crowd bad become a mob. The empire

was at an end.

A short, fierce howl broke from the crowd which filled the Rue de Rivoli from the Louvre to the Place de la Concorde, as an officer of the Imperial guard appeared for a moment on the terrace above the Orangeria and attempted to speak. "Go back! Go back!" shouted the mob. "Down with the empire! Long live the republic! The empress has betrayed Paris! Shame! Shame!" Somebody in the crush raised a gilded wooden cagle on a fragment of broken flagstaff and shook it derisively at the palace, "Burn it!" cried the mob. "We want no eagles

In a moment the gilded eagle was on fire.
d:ummer of the National guard reversed his drum and beat the charge; a young girl against the garden grille, the iron eagle and the imperiol N were torn from the gilt gates amid a tempest of cheers, the railing crashed in, the mob was loose.

At that moment, through the alley of trees, a detachment of the garde imperiale marched silently up and massed itself before the great gate of the Tuilleries, waiting there, solid, motionicss, with rifles at parade rest. The sedan!" Sedan!"

"Down with the imperial guard! Hurrah for the national guard!" shouted the man with the blazing eagle, and he swung the flamking emblem of empire till it crackled and showered the air with sparks and burning flakes of tinsel

The girl with the drum, sitting beside the parapet of the Orangeric, beat the rappel and laughed down at the imperial guard. Are you afraid?" she called, in a clear, "I'll give you a shot at drum-you, there, with the Crimea

A young ruffian from the outer boulevards climbed to the parapet beside her. "Si-lence!" shouted the crowd. "Listen to the

The Mouse, however, contented himself with thrusting out his tongue and making frightful grimaces at the imperial guard, while his two companions, "Mon Oncle" and "Bibl la Goutte," alternately laughed and proffered menaces. Twice an officer advanced a little way along the alley of trees, summoning the crowd to fall back. The second time a young fellow in the uniform of the national guard dragged himself from the crowd and nimbly mounted the parapet.

"You tell us to disperse," he shouted in reply, "and I tell you we will go as soon as that flag comes down from the Tuilleries." Then he turned to the mob with violent ges-

Do you know why that flag is flying? It is because the empress is still in the Tuileres. Is she to stay there?"
"No. no! Down with the empress! To

the palace, to the palace!" howled the mob. The Mouse, who had climbed down inside the gardenc, began to yell for pillage, but a drunmer of the imperial goard kloked him headleng through the gate and burst out The crowd surged forward, only to fall back again before the leveled rifles of the troops.

"Get off the wall." cried the officers. angrily, "you gamin, there, with your drum. Go back or we fire.' The girl with the drum regarded them

fronteally and clicked her drumsticks. The young officer of the National guard beside her cursed the troops and shouted: "Tell your empress to go. Who is she to cit your empress to go. Who is she to cit in the Tuilleries? Who sent the army to Sedan? Who betrayed the nation to Tell your empress to go while she can. Do you think the people are blind and deaf? Do you think the prople forget? Tell her to take herself and her family out of the land she sold to Bi-marck. Then let her remember the city she betrayed—the people who watch and wait for Prussian stiel's cowering in the cellars of devistated houses—here in the city she sold!"

The crowd shouted hoursely and pressed to

the gate again. The young orator's flerce eyes shone with a bate so intense that the troops thought him mad. And perhaps he was, this fanatic, who in days to come would brainless bravery to an incurgent city and die under the merciless sibers of

Captain Flourens," said an officer of the imperial guard, "if you do not call off your mob their blood will be on your head. Shame, on you. You disgrace your uniform. "Captain De Sellier." replied

florcely, "tomorrow, if the Prussian army halts before Paris, I will be the first to face it for the honor of France. But I will not face it for the empire. Shall Paris fight for the woman who sold France? Shall France ruin? A dynasty that seeks to pull down 'Ye the motherland with it into the abyss of cor-wood. ruption and cowardice and treachery. The Prussians are here! Let them come. But before we face them let us cleanse ourselves from that which brought us to destruction. Down with the empire!"

side him swung her drum to her hip, sprang up and facing the troops, began to sing: "Ca ira! Ca Ira!"

A thunder of cheering answered her; the scoreteel stanchions of gate and grille were fist. wrenched out, the mob was armed. The imperial guard hesitated, then fell rive:

up, glittering with orders, sashed and spurred, his face crimson with anger.
"It is well," he shouted, shaking his clenched fist at the crowd; "it is well for

or kennels! The empress is leaving the palace! He walked his splendid bay mare straight up to the shattered gate; a straw in the balance would decide his fate and he knew it.
"You, gentlemen," he said violently, "do here on a vile erraud. Are you not blushing for your uniform, Captain Flourens? And you M. Victorien Sardou, with your clay mask of a face, and you Armand Gouzien-"

For a second rage choked him. "What do you want of me, gentlemen?" he said, controlling his passion with an effort. "I have made a promise, and you will find that I will keep it. If General Trochue has deserted the empress, make the most of it. Let God deal with him. me, I am here to stay. Say so to your At this moment a roar arose from the

crowd outside. "The empress is gone! The empress is gone! To the palace! To the The empress is gone!" The crowd started forward. Then, as the soldlers silently brought their rifles to a

charge, the people fell back, cruching and trampling in their hurry to regain the pave-'Look out, Bourke," said a young man in English, dragging his companion away from the gate; "there'll be a panic if the troops fire. Come on; let's get out of this."
"Look," said his comrade, eagerly, "look, they've lowered the flag on the cupalo.

you see, Jim? The empress has left the Tuileries! The crowd saw it, too, and a tumult arcse sheer weight of the people. From the river answered by vociferous cheering from the a battalion of mutinous Mobiles advanced, packed masses in the rue de Rivoli. "Vive la republique! Down with the em-

pire!" "Hurrah for the republic," shouted Bourke laughing and waving his tat. "Harewood, why the devil don't you theer?" Malet and Shannon, two fellow war correspondents, passed and called out to them in

English "Hello, you fellows. It's all over. The empress has gone."
"Wait for us," motioned Bourke. But already the others were lost in the crowd, which now began to pour along the face

of the park parapets toward the river. Bourke, his arm linked in Harewood's, struggled for a while to keep his course to the rue Royale, but the pressure and shout ing and torrents of dust confused him, and he let hixeself go.
"Confound it," he gasped, "this is almos

a stampede. Keep your feet, Jim, if you want to live to get out. I hope the empress is safe." "Where are our horses?" asked Harewood

struggling to keep with his comrade. "In the arcale of the Continental. Good heavens, Jim, this crush is frightful," he said, seizing a bar of the railing behind them. "Climb up and over. It is the only

way."
"They'll shoot you from the palace," crie. a dozen volces. "I'd rather be shot than squeshed," replied Bourke, clambering up and over the gilde!

In a moment Harewood sprang to the turf beside him, panting and perspiring.
"Now." motioned Fourke, and they glided across the terrace of the orangerie and let themselves down into the street, dirty,

bruised and breathless.
At the end of the street toward the Place marched beside him, also beating a drum, her thin, white face set with a hard smile, her eyes flashing under her knit brows. A knives, was value trying to scale the parats of the gardens, shouting, "Death! Death to the Empress!" but a squad of mounted po lice held the parapets and hammered the more venturesome of the people with the flats of their swords. Several line soldier and Mobile officers joined the police; on the other hand the mob increased every momen and their angry shouts swelled to a soll war. "Death to the Empress! Remembe

Among a group of frightened pedestrians who had been blocked on the quay between toth mobs were two ladles. Bourke caught a glimpse of their light summer gowns as he crept along by the quay wal!. One of the ladies carried a covered basket, which she held close to her breast. Both were in wish to take your cab if you are also in danhelpless consternation, daring neither to proceed nor to return to the quay alone, where already the mob had seized the Batteau

Mouche, crying, "On to St. Cloud!" "See those girls," cried Bourke, "They'll get into that crush in a moment. Jim, they'll trampled.'

Harewood started across the street just as the young lady who carried the basket turned



HE WOULD HAVE SHRIEKED IF HE body interfered with them, nobody seemed

and hastened toward the Louvre, where cab stool close to the gutter. Her compan- Bourke to Harewood. "I didn't know he ion followed, running ahead in her anxiety and calling to the cab driver, who, however,

shook his head, refusing to move. replied Flourens startled eyes, but he rathed his hat and then the Prussian army turned to the cubman. "We want you," he

said sharply. "I am engaged. I was told to walt for the empire. Shall Paris fight for the Austrian ambassador," said the driver, n who sold France? Shall France adding impudently: "Are you his excellency, dynasty that seeks to will down.

M. Metternich?"

"You must take these ladies" said Hare

flung open the door, saying, "Mesdamea, there is no time to lose!" while Bourke scowled tack at the driver and shook his flat. 'Pig of a cabman," he whispered, "drive slowly or Pil push you into the rive."

Harewood was alighting as he closed the Harewood was alighting as he closed the

"Now, Bourke," he said, "touch up your Bourke uttered another awful threat and signaled the cabby. The latter obeyed with a despairing grimace and the horse moved off along the quay, the two young fellows walking on either side of the horse's head. In a moment they were in the crowd that surrounded the gate of the Carrousel, but the crowd was not very compact and they threaded their way slowly, amid cheering and singing and cavage yells, "Death, death to the

empress!"
"Poor thing!" said Harewood. "Hang these regamuffin cutthroate! Go slowly, Bourke. Hello! what's up now?" From the stairway on the south colonnade of the Louvre a group of ladies and gentlemen were issuing. Hurriedly they traversed the court to the street gate, where a mob of "It is well," he shouted, shaking his clenched fist at the crowd; "it is well for facade. As one of the party, a lady, heavily you that her gracious majesty commands that not one drop of blood shall be spilled a gamin clinging to the gate piped up to protect this palace! Cowards, go back to

"That's the empress!" Instantly one of the gentlemen in attendance selzed the urchin by one ear and boxed the other soundly, saying: "I'll teach you to when!" View is Bressell." shout 'Vive la Prusse!' For a moment the knot of idlers laughed. Then someone in the crowd said distinctly:

There was a restless movement, a quick pressing forward of wicked faces, a ducke of heavy shoes. In a second the crowd doubled itself as if by magic; voices rose, harsh and ominous. Somebody struck the iron railing with a steel-banded club. Bourke, standing close to the gutter by the cab, felt in a the door pushed outward and he turned rows.

"Hasten, madame," she said, "here is a

cab door and agrang to the other side of the silence. Life was very pleasant at times— window with his pipestem and distorting his the advent of the victorious Prussian armies horse. deep hazel eyes.
"I wonder—i wonder—" he muttered.

"What?" asked Bourke.
"Nothings offly that one with the brown eyes—plucks little thing to give up her cab—

"Well, if we go to St. Cloud, we'll go by way of the rue d'Ypres." 'And there you'll stay?" asked Bourke, cornfully. What? I? "What for?"

Bourke yawned in his face and said wear-ily: "Because, Jim, I never knew you to miss making an ass of yourself when the devil sent the opportunity."

CHAPTER II.

"THE MOUSE." In the heated silence of afternoon the tap. tap, tap of a drum came up from the south-west, now indistinct and smothered, now couder as the sound approached the Porte Rouge, awaking soft echoes along the sodded fortifications.

A dozing sentry in front of the Prince Murat barracks sauntered out to the gutter, Murat barracks sauntered out to the gutter, seemed to be about, and it was the instinct shading his face with one tauned hand. At of the mouse to rummage. He withdrew from the end of the rue d'Tpres sunlight sparkled the window, assured himself that the street on the brase of a rum, bayonets twinkled through the dust haze, a single bugle blew ong and faintly.
When the red trousers of the gate patrol 'All the same, that is the empress.'
A silence followed, broken by a single

had passed and the dull rumble of the drum in alarm, the monkey crouched trembling in had softened to a vibration in the dazzling a corner of his cage, every bird became mute voice, low, but perfectly distinct; "Death to had softened to a vibration in the dazzling the empress!" | stillness, the sentinel strolled back to loaf, blinking, in his shadowy sentry box, lean-ing on the chassepot rifle which he did not know how to use. For the sentinel was a National guardsman, and they had taken away his gres rifle and given him a chassepot, and set him to guard empty barracks in a street inhabited principally by spar-

alarmed as both young girls sprang out. One of them ran to the empress and motioned toward the cab.

At that moment, however, the rue d'Ypres, which, with its single row of weather-battered houses, faced the fortifications of the Point-du-Jour secteur, was not entirely deserted. Besides the sentinel and the opar-

AMID'A TEMPEST OF CHEERS THE RAILING CRUMBLED IN, THE MOB WAS

Before the crowd comprehended what was rows, some one ewe was moving similesely eing done the empress had passed idem. about in the sunstine, with hands thrust being done the empress had passed them, offowed by another lady and two genelemen. "Good heavens!" muttered riarewood to Bourke, "it is the empress and Mme. Le Bro-

dow, then drew back and said: "I would not

With one foot on the carriage step she ooked back at the young girls, appearing utterly oblivious of the risk she herself ran.
"Hasten, madame," they cried. "We are
in no danger! Ah, hasten, madame!"
Both of the gentlemen in waiting urged the empress to enter, but she refused and looked steadily at the crowd, which was now

"Thank you," she said. "I accept, my

press and her lady in waiting entered the eab Bourke said in English: "Go quickly, gentlemen; these young women are safe with us. God knows why the mob does not attack you!" Monsieur de Metternich turned, cool and collected, and bowed to Bourke. The em-

press leaned from the cab window and looked it the young girls standing together, white nd frightened. 'Will you tell me your name?' They seemed not to understand, and Hare-

wood said: 'Quich, the empress asks your name 'I-I-am Yolette Chalais-and this is Hilde, my sister." stammered one of the girls. As she spoke, in her embarrassment. the basket dropped from her hands, the lid flew open and three white pigeons whirled out, fluttering through the crowd, that scattered for a moment, trying to see what had

happened.
"Now!" cried Bourke, as the two diplomats jumped into the cab and slammed the door. The cabman selzed his reins and lashed savagely at his horse, the crowd stumbled back. There were to be other showers from the cab dashed away in a torrent of dust and

flying pebbles. In his excitement Bourke laughed aloud, Well, of all the bloodless revolutions I ever

beautiful church opposite, and to one of sign: these omnibuses Bourke and Harewood conducted the two young ladies who had given up their cab to the empress of France. No-COULD, BUT TERROR PARALYZED to notice them except a pasty-visaged young man with tale piglike eyes who nodded Castily to Bourke and walked away.
"That was Speyer, the war correspondent for that German-American sheet,

was in Paris. Harewood frowned and said nothing until their disconcerted but grateful charges were safely stated in the omnibus. Then Bourke As Harewood came up the girl who carried safely seated in the omnibus. Then Bourke the basket shrank back, looking at him with raid several civil things in well-intentioned

Both young men offered to act es further escort, were timidly thanked, but unmis-tukably discouraged, and finally stood back, raising their thats as the omnibus started. Toank you again for all you have done, raising their hats as the omnibus started.

Toank you again for all you have done, 'said Hilde. Yelette jocdined for head with pretty reticence, the driver cracked his whip, and the three horses moved off at a trot.

Horsey of stored offer the window, and pressed his resignificant the window, and pressed his resignificant the window, and pressed his resignificant to the window window with the win he motherland with it into the abyss of coruption and cowardice and treachery. The
Prussians are here! Let them come. But
lefore we face them let us cleanse ourselves
rom that which brought us to destruction.
Down with the empire!"

Would "They can't stay here—the police may
fire at any moment."

Monsieur," said the cabby parcoatically,
can I pass that mob with my cab?"

"You can pass," insisted Rourke, "to the
place St. Germain—l'Auxerrois—we'll ical
the horse, and the driver cracked fils whip,
cand the three borses moved off at a trot.
Harewood stored diter the vehicle until it
disappeared. Bourke lighted a cigarette,
smiled quietly, and said, "Come on, Jim."

As they turned into the rue de Rivoit
the horse," and he laid one hand on the bit.
Before the cobman could protest Harewood began: "Hilde Chaik's—that's one
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disappea back slowly as old General Mellinet galloped | Harewood was alighting as he closed the Harewood laughed easily and walked on in cretin!" encered the Mouse, tapping on the

the eyes of small animals at night. The other was sightless and seared. There is something ominous in the upward gaze of a startled animal. There was something more sinister in the glance of

Mouse" as it fell before the frowning, suspicious face of the sentinel. "C'est ca; et ta soeur," retorted the Mouse, with a frightful leer. Then he passed

on, his mouth distorted in a smile, was thinking of the future and of destiny closing round the little group. Then she and of the market value of petroleum. quietly stooped and kissed the girls. was a philosopher at all times, occasionally, perhaps, a prophet.

shuffled his worn shoes luxuriously through the talier grass below the glacis. Exertion dicagreed with the Mouse; unnecessary effort was abhorrent to him. Under his insolent cyclids his shifty eyes searched the talus of the fortifications for a grassy, sun-warmed nook, created by Providence and the im-

perial engineers for such as he. Across the etreet the afternoon sun blazed on the shabby houses. The iron gateway of the Prince Murat barracks was closed, the National Guard sentinel now leaned in the stiadow of his box, drawsy and motioniess. Not a soul was sti ring in the street. There was no sound, no movement except when a dusty aparrow raked its head from the hot

grass, beak open, as though parched.

The Mouse contemplated the sparrow with his solitary eye. He, ico, was thirsty. He clacked his targue twice, spat on the grass, scratched one large car, and yawned. ently he drew a pipe from some recess be-neath his jacket, filled it, rammed one dirty finger into the bowl, and gazed trustfully toward heaven for a match. Neither matches nor magna were falling that year to Paris.

and before they understood the ed away in a torrent of dust and bbles.

excitement Bourke laughed aloud, "Jim! Jim! What a fool of a mob! Then he shitted his glance along the glacis." Well, of all the bloodless revolutions I ever heard of! Look! Here come some troops, too. The thing is over!"

The thing was nearly over. Even the St. denly as it had begun. Without turn-Germain combuses were cumbing now, halting his head the Mouse's eye searched the ing as usual for passengers in front of the other side of the street until it rested on a beautiful course, and to one of size:

> CHALLAIS. Dealer in Birds. Under this bung another sign APARTMENT TO LET.

After a minute's restless contemplation of

Inquire Within.

parrot. At first the bird paid little attention to this insult, but as the Mouse persevered the parrot eyed him with increasing ani-

"Coco! Coco! Salaud! Tiens pour toi, vieux

the other, "I, mademoiselle, am an author ized agent for the public deferse." 'If you are soliciting subscriptions, why did you not ring the doorbell or knock?"

at her side.

As he passed the barrack griffe he raised his hard face and fixed a pair of narrow, uncertain eyes on the sentinel. One of his taught to do in my youth, but—"

"If you please, will you go away?" interasked Hilde, as Yolette entered and stood

steal there, either. The Mouse did not con sider birds worth stealing. Still, nobod

was deserted, then slouched silently around

For a minute the Mouse peered about the

shop. The squirrel still scrambled madly in

his wheel and the narrow eye of the Mouse

There was a closed door at the further end of the room; the mouse fixed his eye

decided, then turned the handle in silence.

something heavy and soft-the door was

pushed open with a steady, resistless pressure

that forced the Mouse back flat against the

tiled hallway, and two girls entered the shor

one hand on the neck of the linness.
"Come, naughty one," she said, and urged

the great creature toward the inner room.

calling back to her sister: "Hilde, dear,

tail." said Hilde; "she's frightened the birds

and animals nearly to death. Our squirrel is going mad, I believe."

went over to quiet it, talking all the while.

"Poor little Mehemet All, did the big lion frighten him? There! There! And poor little Rocco, too!" turning toward the shiver-

ing monkey. "It's a perfect shame-it is

a pair of dusky, flat shoes, protruding be-

sufficiently recovered to bound with much

posure a little and crossing one foot before

said the Mouse, recovering his com-

Hilde, following him to the outer door.

The parrott clamored on its perch, and she

shut the door.'

then I'll come out.'

agility into the street.

Instantly someting moved on the other side

upon it and stepped softly across the one hand outstretched toward the knob.
When he had it in his hand he paused, un-

to the open door and entered.

followed the whirling spokes.

and motionless.

"If you please, will you go away?" inter rupted Yolette quickly.
"I have the honor," said the Mouse, removing his greasy, peaked cap with a flour ish and smoothing the lovelocks plastered Always at the service of ladies-always devoted"—he flourished his pipe with dignity
—"although I had hoped for the small cour-

tesy of a match."
"Hilde," whispered Yolette, "he will go away if you give him a match."
Hilde stepped to the counter, found a card of matches and returned to the door. children."

Bourke and Harewood had recognized her two escorts as the Italian minister and the Austrian ambassador. And while the ement unfortunate condition of public affairs in the face of a revolution which, within a week, has changed the government of France from an empire to a republic, in the face of the impending advance of the Prussian armies and the ultimate investment of the city of Paris, may I venture to golicit a small contribution for the purpose of adding to the patriotic fund, destined to arm the fortifica-

tions yonder with new and improved breech-loading cannon?" He glanced from Hilde to Yolette, his wary eye narrowing to a slit. "I don't believe he's an agent," whispered Hilde; "don't give him anything."
Yolette drew a small purse from her gown

and looked at the Mouse with sincere eyes.
"Will you really give it to the public defense?" she asked. "Or—if you are hungry and need it for yourself—" 'Don't do it,' murmured Hilde; "he i

The Mouse's eyes filled with tears, his lips quivered. 'Honesty is often clothed in rags," he

snivelled, drawing himself up. "I thank you for your courtesy. I will go." He moved away, furtively brushing a tear from his check. Yelette stepped across the th cehold and touched his ragged elbow impulsively. He turned with a dramatic start, accepted the small silver coin, then stalked across the street, his head on his bresst, his arms folded. Presently the stalk relapsed into a walk, then into a shuffle, then into a slouch. The sunshine lay warm on the grass-grown fortifications; where it lay warmest the Mouse sat him down and crossed his legs. When he had lighted his pipe he stretched

out at full length, both arms behind his head, cap tilted to shade his single eye. Under the peak of the cap he could see the pipe smoke curl. He could also see the long, yellow road, stretching way into the country from the Porte Rouge. Out there somewhere—perhaps very far, perhaps very near—the Prueslan armies were moving across France toward Paris. The thought amused the Mouse. He scratched one large car and speculated. With the Prussians would come bombardment, with bombard-ment would come panic, with panic might come anarchy, and with anarchy would come

The Mouse smacked his lips over the pipe stem. He reflected that the revolution, ac-complished five days previous, had brought with it no plunder so far as he was con-cerned. It had been a stupid revolution— shouting, jostling the bourgeoise, a rush at the Tulliers, a whack over the head from a rifle stock, but no pillage. In vain had he the Mouse, in company with two ambitious companione. Bibl la Goutte and Mon Oncle descended from the shady nooks of Mont parcesse with the frank intention of rum maging the Tuilieries—and perhaps some houses of the stupid citizens. In vain had Bibi la Goutte buwled anarchy and treason. in vain had Mon Oncle demanded to to the sack of palaces. The brutal guards had thumped Mon Oncle with their rifle butts, the imperial police had mauled B bl le Goutte, and as for the Mouse, he tad gained nothing but an abrasion of the sculp from contact with an officer's sword hilt. But now the Mouse truly hoped that, with

before the walls of Paris, things might be different. When the big shells began to rail over the Seine and knock houses and mouth in derision until the parrot flapped its wings and acreamed, the feathers on its head erect with excitement and irritation. One by one the other birds, now also greatly churches into kindling wood the Mouse in-tended to do a little exploring on his private account, and he acknowledged with en-thusies that it would be a degenerate knight of leisure who should fail to amass agitated, joined in; the jackdaw croaked and chattered, the finches, thrushes and canaries thorused a shrill treble. A young monkey in a corner set up an ear-piercing shriek and a red squirrel rushed madly around in his

a pretty competency.
So the Mouse lay musing and smoking in The Mouse was amused. With sneers and the warm September sun, one eye half closed, but still fixed on the yellow road gibes and jeering gestures he excited the parrot; he made awful faces at the monkey which crawled across the plain at his feet. He was absolutely contented; he had tobacco until the little creature clung to the cage wires, shivering and screaming; he frightened the smaller birds by waving his dirty fingers to and fro before the window frames. Presently, however, he tired of the sport; his sunshine—and 50 centimes in silver in his pocket, to spend on food or drink, as he chose. Once he thought of the lion and shuddered at the thought. Some day when he had time he would find a way to poison restless eye roamed about the interior of the shop; he pressed his pitted face closer to the glass, with now and then a rapid sidelong the creature, he hoped, and incidentally to rob the bird store.

glance peculiar to the chevaller of industry the world over.

There was nobody in the outer shop, that was clear. There seemed to be nothing to As he lay diverted by these pleasant thoughts he became aware of a cloud of dust on the road below. He watched it; it came nearer and nearer; he could distinguish the red trousers of French infantry; a gun boomed from some distant bastion; another, still more distant, answered the signal. The Mouse sat up. He could see that the dust cloud enveloped heavy moving columns of troops moving slowly toward the walls of Paris. At the Porte Rouge drums were beat

As he set his worn shoe upon the threeh-old the feathers on the parrot's neck flattened The Mouse rose, stretched, yawned and slouched off down the embankment to the street. As he passed the bird store Yolette and Hilde came to the door gazing anxiously toward the fortifications.

The Mouse leered at them, removed his cap, laying a dirty hand on his heart "Al. ways the ladies' slave," he called across the street, and shuffled on toward the Porte At the gate he shoved and elbowed his way

through the increasing throng until he reached the pont-levis. The line sentinels drove him back again, but he managed to crawl up to the grille and hang on to the steel bars. Here he found himself in com-pany with two besom friends, Bibi la Groutte and Mon Oncle.
"Mince!" observed Bibl, as a column o

It was then that the Mouse, peeping over dusty hussars galloped up to the drawbridge and drew bridle, "they've seen uncomfortable his shoulder, felt his blood freeze and his shabby knees give way. For staring up into things out yonder, those hussars. It's Vinoy's his face stood a full-grown floness with her brilliant eyes fixed on his. He would have Thirteenth corps back from Badinguete's fete champetre!

stiricked if he could, but terror paralyzed him. He felt that he was going to swoon. Mon Oncie sneered and mimicked the officer's commands as a close column of infantry came plodding through the gate, haggard, Suddenly there came the sound of voices, a distant door opened, steps echoed across a ghastly, beneath their coat of tan and dust "Bigre!" observed the Bibl, under his breath, but the Mouse climbed up on the grille and hurled insults at the exhausted from the further room. The lioness turned her head at the sound, hesitated, glanced back at the Mouse, and finally slunk hestily away, only to be seized and held by one troops: "Melheur, si ca fait pas gueler! On dirait des chaouchs de Biribi! Ah! mince, on prend des airs deja! Mori aux cretins! On of the girls, while the other alternately slapped, cuffed and kissed her. n'est pus su' l'pave de Badinguet, tas de Scheherazade ought to be slapped instead cried the taller girl, shoving the sergots!

Then he spat upon the ground, shook his anxious but docke lioness toward the door-way. "Really, Yolette, you spoil her; some fist at the sky, shrugged and slouched out of the crowd, followed closely by Bibi la Goutte and Mon Oncle. way. "Really, Yolette, you spoil her; some day sho'll run out into the street, and then The latter was somewhat puzzled at the Mouse's sudden outburst and looked doubt-"Poor darling," said Yolette, "she didn't

mean to be naughty. Somebody must have left the door open—Scheherazade can't turn the knob, you know." As she spoke, she laid 'The Mouse is capricious," he observed. "No," said Bibl scornfully. "The Mouse doesn't care, except that there's another army corps in Paris now and when the hour comes to do a little pillaging these imbecile soldiers may annoy us." The Mouse remained mute, but as he "I've a mind to shut it on Scheherazade's

trudged over the glacis he cast a glance of

fully at Bibl.

horrible malignity at the battered, scorched soldiers, toiling across the drawbridge below.

Then with a gesture he turned his back closed his sightless eye and sat down on the grass. Wibi regarded him in breathless admiration, his lean jaws working with emo

'What a general he would make!" he whispered to Mon Oncle. "Or what an assassin!" replied Mon Oncle

"Hilde! Do shut the door!" exclaimed Yolette from the inner room. "I'm going aloud, mopping his fat face. o give Sheberazade her ball to play with and The Mouse felt the compliment, but said nothing. The drums beat continuously Hilde gave one last pat to the parrot's down by the gate, the dull cries of the offihead and went toward the door. As she laid cers came up to them from below, mingled with the murmur of the throng at the ponther hand on the knob her eyes encountered neath the sill. The shoes covered the feet

levis.

Eibi citting on the grass, nodded drowsily door with a startled exclamation, the Mouse frimself stood revealed, terribly haggard from the effects of his recent fright, but now bush, and presently fell asleep. The Mouse, too, appeared to slumber, except when a 'What are you doing here?" stammered stray spot of sunlight glimmered on the irls of his sightless eye

(To be Continued.) The oldest tollhouse on the Boston post road, at the Connecticut line, near Green-wich, is to be removed. Washington and his army were permitted to pass through free and were given two barrels of ale by the keeper's wife besides.

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